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MELODIES OF ENGLISH VERSE

MELODIES OF ENGLISH VERSE

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING
CHOSEN AND ARRANGED

BY

LEWIS KENNEDY MORSE

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Keats.

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TO HER
AND TO HER CHILDREN
ANNA AND ARTHUR

WILLIAM WATSON

1858–

IN PRAISE OF RHYTHM

Song is no bauble —
Slight not the songsmith,
England my mother,
Maker of men.

Lo, with the ancient
Roots of man's nature,
Twines the eternal
Passion of song.

Deep in the world-heart
Stand its foundations,
Tangled with all things,
Twin-made with all.

Nay, what is Nature's
Self, but an endless
Strife toward music,
Euphony, rhyme?

Trees in their blooming,
Tides in their flowing,
Stars in their circling,
Tremble with song.

God on His throne is
Eldest of poets:
Unto His measures
Moveth the Whole.

From *England my Mother*

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THE TRAINING OF THE EAR

The habit of learning poetry by heart is one of the most valuable that a school can give. The memory can be trained to hold what is wanted, be it facts till an examination, or beauty till old age. Memory in a remarkable way shapes life to what it holds. Especially in early childhood, when impressions are persistent and strong, poetry once learned becomes a large factor in education. It works by an agency all its own and grows with the growth of him who has learned it. Verses carried in the mind create capacity, and in no other way can the young so quickly acquire refinement of feeling, increase of intellectual power, and sure provision for future enjoyment. Reading does not bring about these results in anything like the same degree. Its impressions are too fleeting. We need to be long in the company of beauty, to hold it indeed within us, in order to be vitalized by it into creatures of nobler mould. In learning lines by heart, the child goes behind the printed page, identifies himself with the author, and, sharing his ideas, recreates the poet's emotions. Because committing to memory is difficult, it is the more valuable, as causing words to be dwelt upon and canvassed, new ones grasped and explored. How instructive lapses of memory become! Trying to recall a line, the child puts in a poorer word, perceives it to be poorer, and so has the significance of the original freshly revealed. As if he were himself a creator, he sees why the words must have

fallen just so and in no other way. By such means, too, speech acquires ease, range, and precision.

Methods of learning by heart are as various as the learners. For some the chief thing will be the physical mouthing of the words, as in a refrain; with others the eye helps most by picturing the printed page; while for the rest the melody or the jingle, as carried by the ear, keeps the lines true. All these temperamental differences are valuable, and it may be well to let the order in which the poems are learned turn on individual pleasure. The order in which they are here printed indicates nothing as to the best order for committing to memory. Indeed, age and liking may frequently require the teacher to choose only a part of a selection. But whatever one's age may be, the ability to repeat verse from memory is a necessary stage in the growth of appreciation. If the book is begun at seven, by the time one is eighteen he might possess almost the whole collection, to go with him as an inheritance of worth into every year of his life.

Already there exist many admirable collections of verse for children, and some of these will, it is hoped, be used to supplement this little book. But none has precisely its aim. There are two contrasted aspects in all verse: thought with its attendant emotion, and ordered sound through which thought and emotion are given expression. The sensuous and technical form appeals to the ear, the matter or contents — consisting of scenes, events, and thoughts — to the intellect. Of these two contrasted, yet ever allied, aspects of poetry, it might seem that the intellectual and visual would be the proper one to put forward for children, and other collections have generally been guided by this view. But it is the technical

side which is made prominent here, and, strangely enough, this is the order of nature. In nursery rhymes, the earliest poetry to be learned by heart, there is nothing rational. All is melody. As there is an ear for music, there is as truly an ear for rhythm, and the love of Mother Goose shows how rhythm and rhyme rule the early years, and how strongly music and metrical utterance are desired. Those fondly loved cadences reveal intellectual elements but slightly. It is the ear which they subtly and accurately train. But too often, after the period of nursery jingles, there is an abrupt leap into the poetry of thought and feeling. Instead, the beginner should be carried on into rhythms and rhymes of greater subtlety; and this book may be his guide during this second formative period. It seeks to restore nature to her rights. What is true of music is true of poetry: response to music is to be had in high degree only by a disciplined ear. So, too, some preliminary training in the distinctive melodies of verse will ease the approach to its ideas and emotions. Rhythmic sound is ever the instinctive expression of emotion. Instead then of concentrating attention on the intricacies of thought and feeling which verse embodies, this book appeals primarily to the ear, and by stimulating growth in instinctive sensuous apprehension, prepares for more readily seizing what is intellectual and passionate in poetry.

The teacher, however, may wish for a few suggestions in regard to poetic technicalities, in order that, being himself completely conscious, he may the better keep the pupil in unconsciousness. That will be the best condition for a considerable time. If the ear is suitably trained, comprehension of metrical structure may wisely be deferred to more reflective years.

Poetry, like music and the arts, is based on the repetition of similar parts. In poetry this repetition in its most elementary form appears in the foot. The foot is the basal unit. It is a definitely planned group of sounds, and on its technical side is hard and rigid. The kinds most frequently used are four. In the iambus the contrasted sounds are an unaccented followed by an accented, represented here by + ′. In the trochee this contrast is reversed, and appears as ′ +. The anapæst prefixes another unaccented sound to the iambus which becomes + + ′, while the dactyl adds an unaccented syllable to the trochee, and results in ′ + +. The foot repeated again and again makes the line. For marking out this new unit of the line, and to relate it to another similar unit, rhyme is used. Rhyme emphasizes the line and coördinates it with other lines. Where the metrical scheme runs on through several lines, the group constitutes a stanza or third form of unity. Out of repeated stanzas a poem may be fashioned. It will therefore be seen that from first to last some kind of repetition has bound together the whole poetic structure. But rhyme and stanza must not be supposed to be essential for verse. They may be used or not according to the intended purpose. Emotion dictates structure. Where continuity of feeling is the chief thing, rhyme, and still more the stanza, may easily interfere. In such case the verse is left blank. On the contrary, when feeling is complex, a complicated system of rhyme may be used, as in the extreme instance of the Spenserian stanza, to detach its parts while at the same time knitting them into an elaborate whole. The simplest forms of rhyming structure are the couplet, the triplet, and the quatrain or four-lined stanza with its various rhyming systems. Because so simple, these schemes lend them-

selves to a wide variety of uses. In so strongly emphasizing, however, the systematic character of verse, there is danger of suggesting mechanical accuracy. Nothing of the kind will be found in true poetry. Hoping to aid the teacher in tracing plans of metrical structure, a detailed scansion of parts of eight poems is here printed, five representing metres tolerably regular and three markedly irregular. The suggestions of these diagrams are, however, only tentative. A mechanical scheme must not be slavishly followed. The fall of the accent is largely regulated by feeling, and is therefore frequently debatable.

Since the chief gain of committing to memory comes through the necessity we are under to examine beauty closely and long, passages have been chosen which can bear this intimate and testing experience as well as the wear and tear of frequent oral repetition. The volume contains one hundred and six short selections, making a total body of less than eighteen hundred lines. Forty-nine poets are represented. The length of each selection, averaging about sixteen lines, is fixed with a view, not only to avoid taxing the mind, but also to persuade children to delight in repetition and teachers to encourage it. Because of this necessary brevity, and for the sake of clearness and unity, an occasional change of the original text has been made. The indentation of lines is generally determined by the rhymes and enables the eye to help the ear to understand. For each selection the centre of interest is pointed out by a title, the year of the writer's birth and of his death are given, and also his own title for the whole poem from which a part has been taken ; while, just as on the musical page, the name of the prevailing foot is indicated and the number of beats in the line. Except for the last six poems which concern the sub-

ject-matter of poetry, dividing it into six parts under the general title, Poems of Reverence, the whole collection falls into four sections according to the kind of foot which prevails in each; and within the section the order follows the number of feet in the line. Within this sequence, the arrangement is chronological only when the metrical scheme of the selections is identical as to rhyme and accent; otherwise, beginning with verses without rhymes, the order is determined by the number of lines or rhymes in the stanza. In the group of sonnets technical considerations of structure and rhyme have dictated the order.

There is an analytical index of metres, showing diversity in rhyming schemes and grouping together similar kinds of verse. For the teacher this will be of special use, the more consciously to find for the learner's ear variety and contrast in the sequence of choices for committing to memory. For the teacher and pupil alike the authors' index and an index of first lines will be found useful.

Let it not be thought that the greatest poetry is unfit for common children, or that the worth of learning by heart is limited to the young. Poetry commands a response from ears of every age and station. The profounder its passion, and the richer its rhythm, the deeper is the awakening of the human soul. In the faith that deep can thus call unto deep, this book is gathered. It is made especially to help children and their teachers to reach a larger reverence for the great poets, and through melodies that are immortal, to acquire beauty in their speech, and in their lives a lasting joy.

L. K. M.

Boxford, April 21, 1910.

PART I

IAMBIC MOVEMENT

I

ROBERT HERRICK

1591–1674

THE BRAVE HEART

As one
Undone
By my losses,
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving;
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning;
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning;
And he
Whom we
See dejected,
Next day
We may
See erected.

From *Anacreontike*

[Iambic one, anapæstic one]

II

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O, follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

From *Early Spring*

[Iambics two, three]

III

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

SPRING SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

From *Written in March, while Resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brothers Water*

[Mixed iambics anapæstics two, three]

IV

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622–1695

GUIDING SAINTS

Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark, and long;
The road foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are, indeed, our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that City's shining spires
We travel to.
A swordlike gleam
Kept man from sin,
First out; this beam
Will guide him in.

From *Content*

[Iambics two, four]

V

ALEXANDER POPE

1688–1744

SOLITUDE

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

From *Ode on Solitude*

[Iambics two, four]

VI

ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

TO A MOUSE

Wee, sleekit,[1] cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering [2] brattle! [3]
I wad be laith [4] to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! [5]

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

But Mousie, thou art no thy [6] lane,[6]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang oft agley,[7]
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,[8]
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

From *To a Mouse on Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plow, November*, 1785

[Iambics two, four]

[1] Sleek. [2] Hurrying. [3] Scamper. [4] Loath.
[5] A kind of spade for scraping the plowshare.
[6] Alone. [7] Askew. [8] Eye.

VII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

From *Crossing the Bar*

[Iambics two, three, five]

VIII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

"My heart leaps up when I behold"

[Iambics two, three, four, five]

IX

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

1743–1825

COMRADES

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life! we have been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear; —

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning!

From *Life*

[Iambics two, four, five]

X

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622–1695

THE BIRD

HITHER thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed,
And harmless head.

From *The Bird*

[Iambics two, five]

XI

EDMUND SPENSER

1552–1599

MAN GOES, FLOWERS RETURN

WHENCE is it, that the floweret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale;
Yet, soon as Spring his mantle hath display'd,
It flowereth fresh, as it should never fail?
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtues branch and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy hearse!
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail;
O careful verse!

From *The Shepheardes Calender* (*November*)

[Iambics two, four, five, six]

XII

GEORGE HERBERT

1593–1633

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossesst,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

The Elixir

[Iambics three, four]

XIII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

From *The Brook*

[Iambics three, four]

XIV

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772–1834

THE CHILDREN OF GOD

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
  Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
  Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
  'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
  With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,
    And all together pray,
  While each to his great Father bends,
  Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
    And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
  To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
  All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

From *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

[Iambics three, four]

XV

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772–1834

THE ANGEL CHOIR

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
  Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
  Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
    I heard the sky-lark sing;
  Sometimes all little birds that are,
  How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
    With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
  Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
  That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
  A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
  In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
  Singeth a quiet tune.

From *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

[Iambics three, four]

XVI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

From "*Three years she grew in sun and shower*"

[Iambics three, four]

XVII

THOMAS HOOD

1799–1845

PAST AND PRESENT

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
  The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
  Than when I was a boy.

From "*I remember, I remember*"

[Iambics three, four; refrain trochaics four]

XVIII

BEN JONSON

1573–1637

YOUTHFUL AGE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

From *To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison*

[Iambics three, four, five]

XIX

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822–1888

THE OCEAN AND ITS MELODY

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full; the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay,
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

From *Dover Beach*

[Mixed chiefly iambics three, four, five, six]

XX

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721–1759

TO EVENING

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

From *To Evening*

[Iambics three, five]

XXI

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

THE WANDERING MOON

I WALK unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

From *Il Penseroso*

[Iambics four]

XXII.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807–1892

THE FIRESIDE

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-wing'd hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it pass'd,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laugh'd;
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

From *Snow-Bound*

[Iambics four]

XXIII

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828–1882

BROODING GRIEF

The wind flapp'd loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walk'd on at the wind's will, —
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flower'd, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me, —
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

The Woodspurge

[Iambics four]

XXIV

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE COMING OF THE WIND

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day;
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world.

We paused: the winds were in the beech;
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

From *In Memoriam*

[Iambics four]

XXV

WALTER SCOTT

1771–1832

THE BALLAD OF ROSABELLE

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swath'd round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?

"'T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the cup will chide
If 't is not fill'd by Rosabelle."

Light glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold —
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI*

[Iambics four]

XXVI

HENRY WOTTON

1568–1639

COMPARISONS

You meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
  You common people of the skies,
  What are you, when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood
  That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents; what's your praise
  When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the spring were all your own, —
  What are you, when the Rose is blown?

From *On his Mistris, the Queen of Bohemia*

[Iambics four]

XXVII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

THE HARD MAN

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day, —
But Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
  There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fix'd his face
In many a solitary place,
  Against the wind and open sky!

From *Peter Bell: A Tale, Part I*

[Iambics four]

XXVIII

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

BEACHING THE BOAT

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

From *Meeting at Night*

[Chiefly iambics four]

XXIX

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloak'd clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
  Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
  He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

From *Each and All*

[Mixed iambics anapæstics four]

XXX

COVENTRY PATMORE

1823–1896

THE REVELATION

An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach,
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

From *The Angel in the House, Book I, Canto VIII*

[Iambics four]

XXXI

ROBERT HERRICK

1591–1674

CORINNA GOES A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
  See how Aurora throws her fair
  Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
  Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
  The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
  Nay! not so much as out of bed?
  When all the birds have matins said,
  And sung their thankful hymns: 't is sin,
  Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.

From *Corinna's going a-Maying.*

[Iambics four, five]

XXXII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

THE PALE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth, —
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

To the Moon

[Iambics four, five]

XXXIII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

From *The Princess, Part III*

[Chiefly iambics four, five, six]

XXXIV

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

QUEEN MAB

O, THEN, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers,
And in this state she gallops night by night.

From *Romeo and Juliet*, I, 4

[Iambics five]

XXXV

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot!
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, — " God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

From *King Henry V*, III, 1

[Iambics five]

XXXVI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

LIFE AS A PLAY

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose; his manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.

From *As You Like It*, II, 7

[Iambics five]

XXXVII

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

AMBITION

I DID not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! . . .
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

From *King Henry VIII*, III, 2

[Iambics five]

XXXVIII

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

MORNING

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

From *Paradise Lost, Book IV*

[Iambics five]

XXXIX

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

SKATING

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us — for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock toll'd six, — I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

From *The Prelude, Book I*

[Iambics five and six]

XL

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

SILENT NIGHT

Sleep on!
As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

From *Hyperion, Book I*

[Iambics five]

XLI

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

ULYSSES

I CANNOT rest from travel;
Much have I seen and known, — cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all, —
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

From *Ulysses*

[Iambics five]

XLII

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

THE BEAUTY OF REALITY

This world 's no blot for us
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
— The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises, — and God made it all!
— For what? Do you feel thankful, ay, or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What 's it all about?
To be pass'd over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wonder'd at? oh, this last of course! — you say.
But why not do as well as say, — paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works — paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already; nature is complete."
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have pass'd
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

From *Fra Lippo Lippi*

[Iambics five]

XLIII

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834–1896

SHIPS AT NIGHT

And such a fate I could not choose but fear
For us sometimes; and sometimes when at night
Beneath the moon I watch'd the foam fly white
From off our bows, and thought how weak and small
Show'd the Rose-Garland's mast that look'd so tall
Beside the quays of Breman; when I saw
With measured steps the watch on toward me draw,
And in the moon the helmsman's peering face,
And 'twixt the cordage strain'd across my place
Beheld the white sail of the Fighting Man
Lead down the pathway of the moonlight wan —
Then when the ocean seem'd so measureless
The very sky itself might well be less,
When midst the changeless piping of the wind,
The intertwined slow waves press'd on behind
Roll'd o'er our wake and made it nought again,
Then would it seem an ill thing and a vain
To leave the hopeful world that we had known,
When all was o'er, hopeless to die alone
Within this changeless world of waters grey.

From *The Earthly Paradise* (*Prologue of The Wanderers*)

[Iambics five]

XLIV

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564–1593

THE SWIMMER

LEANDER, being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him;
"O, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He watch'd his arms, and, as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turn'd, cast many a gleeful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love.

From *Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad*

[Iambics five]

XLV

ALEXANDER POPE

1688–1744

ON WRITING VERSE

'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow.
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

From *An Essay on Criticism*

[Iambics five and six]

XLVI

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728–1774

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

A MAN he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

From *The Deserted Village*

[Iambics five]

XLVII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

WASTE PLACES BY THE SEA

I RODE one evening with Count Maddalo
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
Of hillocks, heap'd from ever-shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepair'd, and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 't was our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows; and yet more

Than all, with a remember'd friend I love
To ride as then I rode; — for the winds drove
The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,
Stripp'd to their depths by the awakening north;
And from the waves, sound like delight broke forth
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
Into our hearts aërial merriment.

From *Julian and Maddalo*

[Iambics five]

XLVIII

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

THE OFFICE OF BEAUTY

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring into us from the heaven's brink.

From *Endymion, Book I*

[Iambics five]

XLIX

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

SONG OF ALLEGIANCE

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — "Let the King reign!"

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

From *Idylls of the King* (*The Coming of Arthur*)

[Chiefly iambics five]

L

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

From *Ode to the West Wind*

[Iambics five]

LI

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809–1883

TALKS IN THE POTTER'S HOUSE

As under cover of departing day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
  Once more within the potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the shapes of clay.

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common earth was ta'en
  And to this figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless earth again."

Then said a second — "Ne'er a peevish boy
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy:
  And he that with his hand the vessel made
Will surely not in after wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
Some vessel of a more ungainly make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the hand then of the potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious lot —
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of pot and potter — Tell me then,
Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?"

From *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*

[Iambics five]

LII

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622–1695

THE FALLEN TREE

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
  Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
  Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
  Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
  While the low violet thrives at their root.

From *The Timber*

[Iambics five]

LIII

THOMAS GRAY

1716–1771

THE ELEGY

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour: —
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

From *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

[Iambics five]

LIV

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

MELANCHOLY

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: soon to peace
Among the dead, she'll wither, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

From *Isabella*

[Iambics five]

LV

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

THE TWO RIVERS

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
  Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
  I do not care to follow in their flight
  The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
  Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
  Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
  Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
  Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
  Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;
Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun,
  And confident, that what the future yields
  Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

From *The Two Rivers*, II

[Iambics five]

LVI

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide, —
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

On his Blindness

[Iambics five]

LVII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

THE ONGOING SHIP

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;
This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir;
On went she, and due north her journey took.

"With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh"

[Iambics five]

LVIII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

THE CROWDING WORLD

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
  Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
  Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
  The winds that will be howling at all hours,
  And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rather be
  A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
  Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
  Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

"*The world is too much with us; late and soon*"

[Iambics five]

LIX

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

1775–1841

NIGHT AND DEATH

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
  Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
  That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
    Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
    If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Night and Death

[Iambics five]

LX

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

DESPONDENCY

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"

[Iambics five]

LXI

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Ozymandias of Egypt

[Iambics five]

LXII

EDMUND SPENSER

1552–1599

GREAT THINGS AND SMALL

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know
That dost not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

From *The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II,* 43

[Iambics five and six]

LXIII

JAMES BEATTIE

1735–1803

THE SOUNDS OF MORNING

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horns along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

From *The Minstrel*

[Iambics five and six]

LXIV

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON

1788–1824

THE OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV*

[Iambics five and six]

LXV

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

DAY-DREAMS

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

From *The Lotos-Eaters*

[Iambics three, four, five, six]

LXVI

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563–1631

THE CHEERFUL DAY

THEN from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring East
Guilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morning's sight;
On which the mirthful Choirs, with their clear open throats
Unto the joyful Morn so strain their warbling notes,
That Hills and Valleys ring, and even the echoing Air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them everywhere.
Thus sing away the Morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs, his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close Covert creeps,
To kiss the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

From *Poly-Olbion, Song XIII*

[Iambics six]

LXVII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE GRANDMOTHER

WHY do you look at me, Annie? You think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old.
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve;
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that 's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

From *The Grandmother*

[Mixed iambics anapæstics six]

LXVIII

GEORGE CHAPMAN

1559–1634

THE CAMP AT NIGHT

THEY spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined.
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
While the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclosed their beams, so show'd the Trojan part.

Translation of *The Iliads of Homer, Book VIII*, 553–561

[Iambics seven]

LXIX

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON

1788–1824

LOOKING BACKWARD

THERE 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

From *Stanzas for Music*

[Iambics seven]

LXX

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836–1907

A MOOD

A BLIGHT, a gloom, I know not what, has crept upon my gladness,
Some vague, remote ancestral touch of sorrow or of madness;
A fear that is not fear, a pain that has not pain's insistence;
A sense of longing, or of loss, in some foregone existence;
A subtle hurt that never pen has writ nor tongue has spoken.
Such hurt perchance as Nature feels when a blossom'd bough is broken.

A Mood

[Iambics seven]

LXXI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose, —
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
  The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
  And cometh from afar:
    Not in entire forgetfulness,
    And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

  Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
    Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
    He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
    And by the vision splendid
    Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

From *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*

[Iambics two, three, four, five, six]

PART II

TROCHAIC MOVEMENT

LXXII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE OAK

Live thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength.

The Oak

[Trochaics two]

LXXIII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

THINGS LOVED

I LOVE all that thou lovest,
Spirit of delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dress'd,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

From *Song*: "*Rarely, rarely comest thou*"

[Chiefly trochaics three, four]

LXXIV

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

RISING SMOKE

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touch'd the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And roll'd outward all around it.

From *The Song of Hiawatha* (*The Peace-Pipe*)

[Trochaics four]

LXXV

GEORGE WITHER

1588–1667

IN A GARDEN

First the Primrose courts his eyes;
Then the Cowslip he espies;
Next the Pansy seems to woo him;
Then Carnations bow unto him.
As half-fearing to be seen
Prettily her leaves between
Peeps the Violet, pale to see
That her virtues slighted be;
Which so much his liking wins
That to seize her he begins.
Yet before he stoop'd so low
He his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more high,
And the Rose did there espy.
Who, beside her precious scent,
To procure his eyes content
Did display her goodly breast,
Where he found at full express'd

All the good that Nature showers
On a thousand other flowers;
Wherewith he affected takes it,
His beloved flower he makes it,
And without desire of more
Walks through all he saw before.

From *Faire-Virtue, Mistresse of Phil'arete*

[Trochaics four]

LXXVI

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT'S FAREWELL

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

From *Comus*, III

[Chiefly trochaics four]

LXXVII

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757–1827

THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand form'd thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

From *The Tyger*

[Chiefly trochaics four]

LXXVIII

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

1855–1902

THE TEMPEST

He shall give His angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror comes so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet;
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All Thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah, my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

The Tempest

[Trochaics four]

LXXIX

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

THE CHIMES

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Oft amid my broken slumbers
Still I hear those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaim'd the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingle with each wandering vision,
  Mingle with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
  Have their solitary dwelling.

From *The Belfry of Bruges* (*Carillon*)

[Trochaics four]

LXXX

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.
"Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;
'T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore,
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber door,
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

From *The Raven*

[Trochaics four, eight]

LXXXI

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE PROMISE OF THE SKIES

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly
dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the people plunging thro' the thunder
storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were
furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the
suns.

From *Locksley Hall*

[Trochaics eight]

LXXXII

CHARLES LAMB

1775–1834

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

From *The Old Familiar Faces*

[Mixed trochaics, free disposal of accent]

LXXXIII

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849

SLEIGH BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

From *The Bells*

[Trochaics, free disposal of accent]

PART III

ANAPÆSTIC MOVEMENT

LXXXIV

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

A GREETING OF THE MORNING

THE year 's at the spring
  And day 's at the morn;
    Morning 's at seven;
      The hillside 's dew-pearl'd;
  The lark 's on the wing;
    The snail 's on the thorn:
      God 's in his heaven —
        All 's right with the world!

From *Pippa Passes* (I, *Morning*)

[Mixed anapæstics two]

LXXXV

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

FLEETING JOY

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute: —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

From *Lines*: "*When the lamp is shatter'd*"

[Mixed anapæstics two, three]

LXXXVI

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

From *The Cloud*

[Mixed anapæstics two, three, four]

LXXXVII

WILLIAM COWPER

1731–1800

THE SOLITARY

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

Religion! what treasure untold
Lies hid in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

From *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his Solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez*

[Chiefly anapæstics three]

LXXXVIII

CHARLES WOLFE

1791–1823

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

From *Burial of Sir John Moore*

[Mixed anapæstics three, four]

LXXXIX

THOMAS NASH

1567–1601

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

From *Summer's Last Will and Testament*

[Anapæstics four, iambics five, refrain iambics five]

XC

WILLIAM COWPER

1731–1800

THE POPLAR FIELD

The poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew:
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys:
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

From *The Poplar Field*

[Chiefly anapæstics four]

XCI

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

DAVID GOES TO CURE THE KING

THEN I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unloop'd;
I pull'd up the spear that obstructed, and under I stoop'd;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all wither'd and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I pray'd,
And open'd the foldskirts and enter'd, and was not afraid
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw nought but the blackness: but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness — the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, show'd Saul.

From *Saul*

[Anapæstics five]

XCII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

From *The May Queen*

[Mixed anapæstics iambics seven]

XCIII

SIDNEY LANIER

1842–1881

THE INCOMING TIDE

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is mesh'd with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the water be!
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

From *The Marshes of Glynn*

[Mixed anapæstics, free disposal of accent]

PART IV

DACTYLIC MOVEMENT

XCIV

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

CREATIVE MOMENTS

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World — how it wall'd about
  Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
  That was thy face!

From *The Two Poets of Croisic*

[Dactylics two [1]]

[1] For dactylics two, see *In Praise of Rhythm*, by William Watson, Preliminary Leaves.

XCV

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822–1888

THE LEADERS

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

From *Rugby Chapel*

[Mixed chiefly dactylics three]

XCVI

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

THE PLACE FOR THE NEST

This is the spray the Bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to.

From *Misconceptions*

[Dactylics three, four]

XCVII

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

CRADLE SONG

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

From *The Princess, Part I*

[Mixed dactylics three, four, five]

XCVIII

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

THE GALLOP

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Chorus.— *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you 'd say;
Many 's the friend there, will listen and pray,
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
Chorus.— "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
Chorus.— "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
"I 've better counsellors; what counsel they?
Chorus.— "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

From *Cavalier Tunes* (III, *Boot and Saddle*)

[Dactylics four]

XCIX

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

THE BLACKSMITH

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coil'd round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seem'd the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watch'd the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laugh'd, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.

From *Evangeline, Part I*

[Chiefly dactylics six]

C

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819–1861

THE TIDE

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,
Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and Scarba,
Heaving, swelling, spreading the might of the mighty Atlantic;
There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous bottom
Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-surface
Eddies, coils, and whirls; by dangerous Corryvreckan:
So in my soul of souls, through its cells and secret recesses,
Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic fervor.

From *The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich, Part IX*

[Mixed dactylics trochaics six]

PART V

POEMS OF REVERENCE

CI

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

VASTNESS

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;
Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurell'd graves of the great;

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of fire;

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

Raving politics, never at rest — as this poor earth's pale history runs, —
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?

. . . . . .

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead but alive.

From *Vastness*

[Mixed dactylics eight]

CII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

NATURE

THESE beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremember'd pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lighten'd: — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

From *Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July* 13, 1798

[Iambics five]

CIII

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

LOVE

O LYRIC Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire, —
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face, —
Hail thou, and harken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand —
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
— Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on, — so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

From *The Ring and the Book*
(I, *The Ring and the Book*)

[Iambics five]

CIV

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE HERO

YEA, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
  For the right, and learns to deaden
    Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
  Into glossy purples, which outredden
    All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
  Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
    His path upward, and prevail'd,
    Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands

To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
Speak no more of his renown.
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him!

From *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*

[Chiefly trochaics three, four, five]

CV

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

THE STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
  Humanity with all its fears,
  With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
  Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
  Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

From *The Building of the Ship*

[Iambics four]

CVI

ISAAC WATTS

1674–1748

GOD

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home: —

Under the shadow of thy throne
The saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Psalm XC, 1–5, First Part
(*Man Frail and God Eternal*)

[Iambics three, four]

And therefore, I said, Glaucon, that training in poetry is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute the friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

Plato, Republic, III, 402.

NOTES AND INDEXES

NOTES

THE symbol ′ denotes an accented syllable, the symbol + an unaccented one, and the symbol ( ) an omitted portion of a foot. Verses ending with an incomplete foot are called catalectic. If a portion of a foot is omitted at the beginning of the verse, the verse is said to be truncated. An extra unaccented syllable in the foot at the end of the line does not change the foot but makes a double ending of the line. An extra unaccented syllable in the foot at the beginning of a line makes what is called anacrusis without changing the character of the verse. An exceptional foot may be substituted for the typical foot, and the verse become irregular and sometimes decidedly irregular as these substitutions are more or less frequent. But any verse while retaining on the whole its peculiar rhythm may begin with an accented syllable and the same is true of a verse-section after a pause. Sometimes a two syllable foot with equally accented syllables is found in verse. Such a foot is a spondee. The symbol / / denotes a rhythmic pause in the line and such a pause is called a cæsura. In a rhythmic pause, no syllable is dropped, but in a compensating pause, a portion of a foot is omitted and this omission is indicated by the symbol ( ).

A verse is named by its prevailing foot, — iambic, trochaic, anapæstic, dactylic.

By iambic is meant	+ ′
By trochaic is meant	′ +
By anapæstic is meant	+ + ′
By dactylic is meant	′ + +

As the terms are here used, *foot iambic* means verse is regular. *Prevailing foot iambic* means verse is irregular. *Mixed prevailing foot iambic* means verse is decidedly irregular. Trochaic, anapæstic, and dactylic verse are also similarly divided and classified.

SCHEMES OF SCANSION

IN MEMORIAM, TENNYSON. SELECTION XXIV

Foot iambic, four accent

FIRST STANZA

Four Line Stanza	1	+ ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	a rhyme
	2	+ ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	b

Four Line Stanza 3 + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / b rhyme
4 + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / a

Stanzas for Music, Byron. Selection LXIX

Foot iambic, seven accent

FIRST STANZA

Four Line Stanza 1 + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / a rhyme
2 + + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / a
3 + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / / + ′ / + ′ / b
4 + + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / / + ′ / + ′ / + ′ / b

The Oak, Tennyson. Selection LXXII

Foot trochaic, two accent

FIRST STANZA

Five Line Stanza 1 ′ + / ′ ( ) a rhyme
2 ′ + / ′ ( ) b
3 ′ + / ′ ( ) c
4 ′ + / ′ ( ) d
5 ′ + / ′ ( ) b

The Old Familiar Faces, Lamb. Selection LXXXII

Prevailing foot trochaic, four, five, and six accent

FIRST TWO STANZAS

Three Line Stanza 1 ′ + + / ′ + / / ′ + / ′ + / ′ + / unrhymed
2 ′ + / ′ + / ′ + / / ′ + / ′ + / ′ + /
3 ′ ( ) / ′ + / ′ / / + / ′ + / ′ + / ′ + /

1 ′ + + / ′ / / + + / ′ + + / ′ + /
2 ′ + + / ′ + / / ′ + / ′ + / ′ + /
3 ′ + + / ′ + / / ′ + / ′ + / ′ + /

Burial of Sir John Moore, Wolfe. Selection LXXXVIII

Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic, three and four accent

FOURTH AND FIFTH STANZAS

Four Line Stanza 1 ( ) ′ / + ′ / + + ′ / + ′ / a rhyme
2 + + ′ / + + ′ / + ′ + / b
3 + + ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ / a
4 + + ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ + / b

Four Line Stanza	1	+ ′ / + + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	a a rhyme
	2	+ + ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ + /	b
	3	+ + ′ / + ′ / + + ′ / + ′ /	a
	4	+ + ′ / + ′ / + + ′ + /	b

Spring, Nash. Selection LXXXIX

Foot anapæstic and iambic, four and five accent; refrain iambic, five accent

FIRST TWO STANZAS

Four Line Stanza	1	( ) ′ / + + ′ // + +′ / + + ′ /	a rhyme
	2	( ) ′ / + + ′ // + + ′ / + + ′ /	a
	3	( ) ′ / + + ′ // + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	a
	4	+ ′ / + ′ / + ′ // + ′ / + ′ /	b
	1	+ ′ / + ′ // + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	a
	2	+ ′ / + ′ // + ′ / + ′ / + ′ /	a
	3	+ ′ / + ′ / + ′ // + ′ / + ′ /	a
	4	+ ′ / + ′ / + ′ // + ′ / + ′ /	b

Saul, Browning. Selection XCI

Foot anapæstic, five accent

FIRST TWO COUPLETS

Couplets	1	+ ′ / + + ′ /	a rhyme
	2	+ ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ / + // + ′ / + + ′ /	a
	3	+ ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ / + // + ′ / + + ′ /	b
	4	+ ′ / + + ′ / + + ′ / + // + ′ / + + ′ /	b

Evangeline, Longfellow. Selection XCIX

Prevailing foot dactylic, six accent

FIRST FOUR LINES

Blank Verse	1	′ + + / ′ + + / ′ // + + / ′ + / ′ + + / ′ + /	unrhymed
	2	′ + + / ′ + / ′ // + / ′ + + / ′ + + / ′ + /	
	3	′ + + / ′ + / ′ // + / ′ + + / ′ + + / ′ + /	
	4	′ + + / ′ + + / ′ // + / ′ + + / ′ + + / ′ + /	

METRES

BLANK VERSE

Unrhymed four and five syllable, two accent verse, catalectic, and with alliteration or beginning-rhyme regular in Anglo-Saxon verse. Foot dactylic.	From	England my Mother	Watson	vii
Unrhymed three accent verse, catalectic. Prevailing foot dactylic.	"	Rugby Chapel	Arnold	136
Unrhymed three and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Ode to Evening	Collins	30
Unrhymed four accent verse. Foot trochaic.	"	The Song of Hiawatha (The Peace-Pipe)	Longfellow	101
Unrhymed heroic or five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Romeo and Juliet, I, 4	Shakespeare	48
Same as above.	"	King Henry V, III, 1	Shakespeare	49
Same as above.	"	As You Like It, II, 7	Shakespeare	50
Same as above, but with quite constant double endings, which are used as a test to mark off the share of Fletcher in the authorship of this play.	"	King Henry VIII, III, 2	Shakespeare	52
Unrhymed heroic or five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Paradise Lost, Book IV	Milton	54
Same as above, except for one Alexandrine or six iambic verse.	"	The Prelude, Book I	Wordsworth	55

Unrhymed heroic or five accent verse. Foot iambic.	From	Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey	Wordsworth	147
Same as above.	"	Hyperion, Book I	Keats	56
Same as above.	"	Ulysses	Tennyson	57
Same as above.	"	Fra Lippo Lippi	Browning	58
Same as above.	"	The Ring and the Book, I	Browning	149
Same as above.	"	The Earthly Paradise (Prologue of The Wanderers)	Morris	60
Unrhymed four, five, and six accent verse, and each third verse with a refrain marking the end of the stanza. See Notes. Mixed prevailing foot trochaic.	"	The Old Familiar Faces	Lamb	112
Unrhymed Alexandrine or six accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Poly-Olbion, Song XIII	Drayton	89
Unrhymed hexameter or six accent verse. Prevailing foot dactylic, except in first two verses, which are trochaic.	"	The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich, Part IX	Clough	141
Same as above. See Notes. Prevailing foot dactylic.	"	Evangeline, Part I	Longfellow	140

COUPLETS

Seven and eight syllable four accent verse, with the seven syllable verse catalectic and the eight syllable couplets having two syllable rhymes. Foot trochaic.	"	Faire-Virtue, Mistresse of Phil'arete	Wither	102

Seven and eight syllable, four accent verse, mostly catalectic. Prevailing foot trochaic.	From	Comus, III	Milton	104
Seven and eight syllable four accent verse, mostly truncated. Iambics four.	"	Il Penseroso	Milton	32
Eight syllable four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Snow-Bound	Whittier	33
Same as above.	"	The Building of the Ship	Longfellow	152
HEROIC COUPLETS				
Ten syllable five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad	Marlowe	61
Same as above except for one six accent verse.	"	Essay on Criticism	Pope	62
Ten syllable five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Deserted Village	Goldsmith	63
Same as above.	"	Julian and Maddalo	Shelley	65
Same as above, but with occasional double ending.	"	Endymion, Book I	Keats	67
COUPLETS				
Fourteen and fifteen syllable five accent verse. See Notes. Foot anapæstic.	"	Saul	Browning	127
Fourteen syllable seven accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Iliads of Homer, Book VIII, 553–561 Translated by	Chapman	91
Fifteen syllable seven accent verse with constant double ending. Foot iambic.		A Mood	Aldrich	93
Fifteen syllable eight accent verse, catalectic. Foot trochaic.	"	Locksley Hall	Tennyson	110

Eighteen to twenty-two syllable eight accent verse, catalectic. Prevailing foot dactylic.	From Vastness	Tennyson	145
Three to eighteen syllable verse. Free disposal of accent. Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic.	" The Marshes of Glynn	Lanier	130
THREE LINE STANZA			
Unrhymed four, five, and six accent verse and each third verse with a refrain marking the end of the stanza. See Notes. Mixed prevailing foot trochaic.	" The Old Familiar Faces	Lamb	112
A a b rhyme in ten syllable five accent verse with unrhymed refrain marking end of stanza. Verses thirteen and fourteen have double ending, and so eleven syllables. Prevailing foot iambic.	" Idylls of the King (The Coming of Arthur)	Tennyson	69
A b a-b c b-c d c-d e d-e e rhyme in ten syllable five accent verse. Verses one and three have double ending and so eleven syllables. Foot iambic.	" Ode to the West Wind	Shelley	70
FOUR LINE STANZA			
Unrhymed four and five syllable two accent verse, catalectic and with alliteration or beginning-rhyme regular in Anglo-Saxon verse. Foot dactylic.	" England my Mother	Watson	vii
Unrhymed three and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	" Ode to Evening	Collins	30
A a a a rhyme in four accent verse with the last verse of each stanza a refrain which by its rhyme is made a part of the structure of the stanza. The rhyme is identical throughout the poem. Foot dactylic.	" Cavalier Tunes (III, Boot and Saddle)	Browning	139

A a a a rhyme in four accent verse. Foot iambic.	From	The Wood-spurge	Rossetti	34
A a a b rhyme in four and five accent verse with interior rhyme and each fourth verse an unrhymed five accent refrain marking end of stanza. See Notes. Foot anapæstic and iambic, refrain iambic.	"	Summer's Last Will and Testament	Nash	125
A a b a rhyme in five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám	FitzGerald	71
A a b b rhyme in four accent verse. Seven syllable verse, foot trochaic, catalectic; eight syllable verse, foot iambic.	"	The Tyger	Blake	105
A a b b rhyme in four accent verse. Prevailing foot anapæstic.	"	The Poplar Field	Cowper	126
A a b b rhyme in six accent verse. Mixed prevailing foot iambic, but with anapæstic tendency.	"	The Grandmother	Tennyson	90
A a b b rhyme in seven accent verse with each fourth verse a refrain which by its rhyme is made a part of the structure of the stanza and the poem. The thirteenth and fourteenth verses are truncated, and the seventeenth has an unaccented syllable prefixed. Foot anapæstic and iambic.	"	The May Queen	Tennyson	128
A a b b rhyme in seven accent verse. Verses two and four have an unaccented syllable prefixed in first foot. See Notes. Foot iambic.	"	Stanzas for Music	Byron	92

A b a b rhyme in four and six syllable two accent verse, four syllable verse catalectic. Foot dactylic.	From	The Two Poets of Croisic	Browning	135
A b a b rhyme in two and four accent verse; the shorter verse used to unify and mark the end of the stanza. Foot iambic.	"	Ode on Solitude	Pope	9
A b a b rhyme in two, three, and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Crossing the Bar	Tennyson	13
A b a b rhyme in three and four accent verse; the third verse only having four accents. Foot iambic.	"	The Elixir	Herbert	18
A b a b rhyme in three accent verse alternating with four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Psalm XC, 1–5, First Part (Man Frail and God Eternal)	Watts	154
Same as above, except verses two and four have double ending. Foot iambic.	"	The Brook	Tennyson	20
A b a b rhyme in four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI	Scott	36
A b a b rhyme in eight to twelve syllable, three and four accent verse. See Notes. Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic.	"	Burial of Sir John Moore	Wolfe	123
A b a b rhyme in five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Timber	Vaughan	73
A b a b rhyme in five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	Gray	74
A b b a rhyme in four accent verse. See Notes. Foot iambic.	"	In Memoriam Sections xv, xxx	Tennyson	35

A b c b rhyme in three and four accent verse. Rhyme in third stanza a b c c b and in fourth stanza a b a b. Foot iambic.	From	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part VII	Coleridge	22
A b c b rhyme in three and four accent verse. Rhyme in second stanza a b c c b and in fourth stanza a b c b d b. Foot iambic.	"	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part V	Coleridge	24
FIVE LINE STANZA				
A b c c b rhyme in three and four accent verse in third stanza. Foot iambic.	"	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part VII	Coleridge	22
Same as above in second stanza.	"	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part V	Coleridge	24
A b a b b rhyme in four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	On his Mistris, the Queen of Bohemia	Wotton	38
A b c c b rhyme in four accent verse. The tenth verse has but three accents. Foot iambic.	"	Peter Bell: A Tale, Part I	Wordsworth	39
A b c d b rhyme in two accent verse, catalectic. See Notes. Foot trochaic.	"	The Oak	Tennyson	99
SIX LINE STANZA				
A a a b a b rhyme in two and four accent verse with occasional double ending. Foot iambic.	"	To a Mouse on Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plow, November, 1785	Burns	11

A a b c c b rhyme in three and four accent verse. Verses three and six have three accents and divide the body of the stanza into two parts, but as they rhyme they bind these parts together. Foot iambic.	From	"Three years she grew in sun and shower"	Wordsworth	25
A b a b c c rhyme in three and four accent verse, catalectic. Couplet added to a b a b rhyme making a three part stanza a b-a b-c c. Prevailing foot trochaic.	"	Song: "Rarely, rarely comest thou"	Shelley	100
A b a b c c rhyme in four accent verse. Foot trochaic.	"	The Tempest	Palmer	106
A b a b c c rhyme in seven and ten syllable four and five accent verse; seven syllable verse truncated. Foot iambic.		To the Moon	Shelley	46
A b c b b b rhyme in four and eight accent verse. Verses one and three have interior rhyme; each stanza has sporadic interior rhyme and lines ending b are catalectic. The verses in this selection all have similar end-rhyme except the second and fourth in each stanza. Foot trochaic.	"	The Raven	Poe	108
A b c b c b rhyme in two and three accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Early Spring	Tennyson	4
A b c b d b rhyme in three and four accent verse in fourth stanza. Foot iambic.	"	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part V	Coleridge	24

A b c b d d rhyme in four, five, and six accent verse; b b d d have double endings, verses one and three have interior rhymes, and verses five and six, except in second stanza, make a refrain of two verses. Prevailing foot iambic.	From	The Princess, Part III	Tennyson	47
A b c c b a rhyme in four accent verse. Foot iambic, but with some anapæstic tendency.	"	Meeting at Night	Browning	41
A b c c d d rhyme in two and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Bird	Vaughan	16
SEVEN LINE STANZA				
A b a b b a a rhyme in three and four accent verse, catalectic. Foot dactylic	"	Misconceptions	Browning	137
EIGHT LINE STANZA				
A b a b a a b c rhyme in three, four, and five accent verse. Verses one and three have interior rhymes and verse four repeats verse two. Mixed prevailing foot dactylic.	"	The Princess, Part I	Tennyson	138
A b a b a b c c rhyme in five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Isabella	Keats	76
A b a b c d c d rhyme in two and three accent verse. Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic.	"	Lines: "When the lamp is shattered"	Shelley	118
A b a b c d c d rhyme in two and four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Content	Vaughan	7
A b a b c d c d rhyme in three accent verse. Prevailing foot anapæstic.	"	Alexander Selkirk	Cowper	121

A b c d a b c a two accent verse. Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic.	From Pippa Passes (I, Morning)	Browning	117
A b c b d e f e rhyme in three accent verse alternating with four accent verse. Refrain marks the beginning of stanza. Foot iambic, but in refrain foot trochaic.	" "I Remember, I remember"	Hood	26

NINE LINE STANZA

A b a b b c b c c rhyme in five accent verse; the ninth verse an Alexandrine or six iambic. Foot iambic.	" The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, 43	Spenser	84
Same as above.	" The Minstrel	Beattie	85
Same as above.	" Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV	Byron	86
First stanza same as above; second stanza a b a b c c c e e e e rhyme in three, four, five, and six accent verse. Foot iambic.	" The Lotos-Eaters	Tennyson	88
A b c c a b c e e rhyme in two, three, four, and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"My heart leaps up when I behold"	Wordsworth	14

TEN LINE STANZA

A a b b c c d d a a rhyme in three, four, and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	" A Pindaric Ode, to the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison	Jonson	28

A a b b c d d e e c rhyme in two and three accent verse. Prevailing foot iambic but with some anapæstic tendency.	From	Written in March, while Resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brothers Water	Wordsworth	6
A b a b b c c d b d rhyme in two, four, five, and six accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Shepheardes Calender (November)	Spenser	17

TWELVE LINE STANZA

A b c b d e f e g h i h rhyme in two, three, and four accent verse with interior rhyme in alternate lines and occasional double ending. Mixed prevailing foot anapæstic.	"	The Cloud	Shelley	119

FOURTEEN LINE STANZA

A a b b c c d d e e f f g g rhyme in four and five accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	Corinna 's going à-Maying	Herrick	44
A b b a a b b a-c d e c d e rhyme in five accent verse. A sonnet with strict Italian rhyme-scheme and structure. Foot iambic.	"	The Two Rivers, II	Longfellow	77
Same as above except that strict Italian structure is departed from in division into two parts, the first part running over into the ninth line. Foot iambic.		On his Blindness	Milton	78

A b b a a b b a-c d c d c d rhyme in five accent verse. A sonnet with strict Italian rhyme-scheme and structure. Foot iambic.	"With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh"	Wordsworth	79
Same as above except that strict Italian structure is departed from in division into two parts, the first part running over into the ninth line. Foot iambic.	"The world is too much with us, late and soon"	Wordsworth	80
A b b a a b b a-c d c d e e rhyme in five accent verse. A sonnet same as above in rhyme-scheme except that the last two lines are couplets. Division regular into two parts. Foot iambic.	Night and Death	White	81
A b a b c d c-d e f e f g g rhyme in five accent verse. English or Shakespearian form of sonnet. Foot iambic.	"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"	Shakespeare	82
A b a b a c d c e d e f e f rhyme in five accent verse. A sonnet with rhyme-scheme irregular and structure a unit without division into two parts. Foot iambic.	Ozymandias of Egypt	Shelley	83

ARBITRARY STANZAS OF VARYING LENGTHS

A a b c c b d d e f f e g g h i i h j j k l l k rhyme in two and four syllable one accent verse, each third verse having a double ending. Foot iambic; but in each third verse, foot anapæstic.	From Anacreontike	Herrick	3
Chiefly couplets in two, four, and five accent verse with occasional double ending. Foot iambic.	" Life	Barbauld	15

Free disposal of rhyme and accent in two, three, four, five, and six accent verse. Foot iambic.	From	Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood	Wordsworth	94
Free disposal of rhyme and accent, in two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight accent verse. Verses are mostly catalectic and poem has sporadic interior rhyme. Foot trochaic.	"	The Bells	Poe	113
Free disposal of rhyme in three, four, and five accent verse. Prevailing foot trochaic.	"	Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington	Tennyson	150
Free disposal of rhyme in three, four, five, and six accent verse. Prevailing foot iambic.	"	Dover Beach	Arnold	29
Free disposal of rhyme in four accent verse, without much regard to the number of syllables and with an occasional truncated verse. Mixed prevailing foot iambic.	"	Each and All	Emerson	42
Free disposal of rhyme in four accent verse of seven and eight syllables; many couplets and some verses catalectic. Foot trochaic.	"	The Belfry of Bruges (Carillon)	Longfellow	107
A b a b c d c d e f e f rhyme in four accent verse. Foot iambic.	"	The Angel in the House, Book I, Canto VIII	Patmore	43

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JUL 11 1910

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

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